

LITTLE WORKER'S

STORY BOOK



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NEW YORK.

The Young Carpenter.

PETER is fond of tools. He loves to saw and hammer, and to drive nails. He can strike quite hard, I can tell you.

At first he hit his thumb, and it made him cry, but it was a good thing for him to hit his thumb now and then, for in that way he learned how to keep his thumb out of the way.

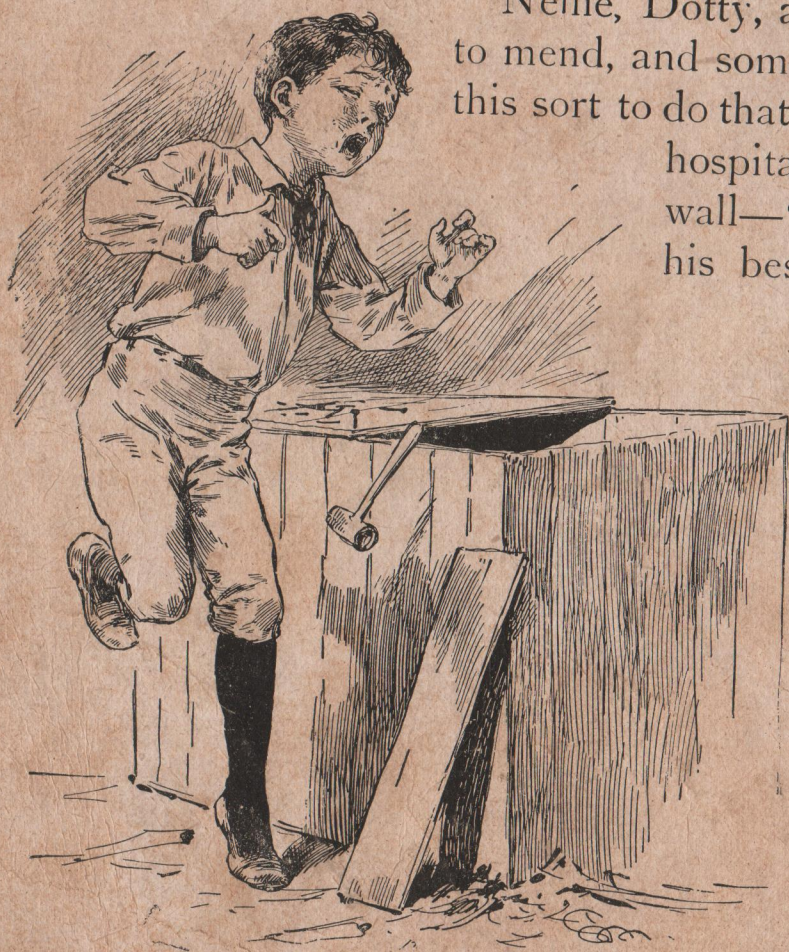
He felt that he was almost a man when he could take sure aim, and hit the nail on the head first last and all the time.

He has a room all to himself in the upper part of the house, and here he spends most of his time on rainy days when he is out of school.

It is handy to have such a boy as Peter around, for if a hinge gets loose, or a piece of board is wanted, there is no need of sending for a carpenter; Peter will attend to it.

Nellie, Dotty, and Susy, bring him their dolls to mend, and sometimes he has so much work of this sort to do that his work-shop looks like a doll's hospital. He has a sign upon the wall—"Dolls Mended"—and he tries his best to do his work well, and to keep his tools bright.

Poor little Dotty was almost broken-hearted when Laura Matilda fell and broke her arm: but Jessie said "Peter can mend it"; and Dotty took it to Peter herself, for she would not trust the dear doll out of her arms. She has to sit patiently and wait her turn, just as sick people do in the hospital, and is comforted by seeing other dolls worse off than poor Laura Matilda.



PETER HITS HIS THUMB.

The Dairymaid.

TWICE a day I take my pail and go out into the field to milk the cows. It is nice and cool there, and the cows stand so still that not one drop of milk is spilled.

We have five cows. One of them is an Alderney. She gives rich milk, and oh, what thick cream rises on it! I like the red cow's milk the best. She is plain, but kind, and I am not the least bit afraid of her horns. I call her Salina, because she is so fond of salt. All cows need salt in their food.

Whitenose has a calf that needs all the milk its mother can spare.

Whitenose will not let the calf take more than is good for it, but when she thinks it has had enough she will give the calf a kick and drive it away.

Cows eat grass. The grass makes milk. Some of the milk we drink; some of it is used in cooking; and some of it we make into butter and cheese. That which is to be made into butter must first stand awhile for the cream to rise. Then the cream is skimmed off and churned to separate the butter. How strange it is! How hard it would be for us to do without it! In how many wonderful ways does God take care of us and provide for all our wants.



The Jeweler.

WHAT will you buy to-day, fair lady?
Here is a stock I'm sure must charm.
Shall it be a watch, a chain, a locket,
Or a golden bracelet for the arm?

The wares I sell are choice and precious;
Gems and trinkets of beauty rare;
Ornaments tasteful, rich, and splendid,
Such as all ladies love to wear.



THE JEWFLER



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THE BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER

The Barber.

YOUR hair I'll trim with utmost care, sir,
And dress it in most tasteful style;
At shaving, too, I'm quite expert, sir,—
But that you won't need yet awhile.

I aim to be an artist barber
Whom all will rate as quite tip-top,
And hope by zeal in my profession
To draw swell custom to my shop.

The Little Housemaid.

MY name is Flora. I am not a very big girl, but I can handle a broom very nicely. Oh, how I make the dust fly!

But first I put on a long apron, and tie up my hair in a mob-cap. Then I put away all the nice things on the bureau, and set the chairs in the next room, or out in the hall.

Then I get the dust-pan and dust-brush, and the big broom, and go to work. I have to go down on my hands and knees to sweep the dust from under the bed. When I have swept all over with the big broom, I go around with the dust-brush and dust-pan until the old carpet looks like a new one.

By and by I take the feather-duster and brush down the walls, and around the pictures. Then I take my soft duster of cheese-cloth and wipe the dust from the bureau and mantel-piece, and shake it well out of the window so that the dust cannot get back again. Then I bring back the chairs, which I dusted well before I began to sweep the room. When I am through, mama gives me a hug and a kiss, and calls me her "'dustrious little girl."

I don't mind sweeping day one bit! It is so nice to get rid of the dust. Beside, I like to help mama, and have her praise me for being useful.



The Young Ship-Builder.

JAMES and his two little brothers, Ben and Will, live on the banks of a large river quite near the sea. Ships are passing their home at all hours of the day, and the children often stop in their play to watch them as they glide up and down the river.

James has learned a great deal about vessels. He knows how they are made to go by means of the wind blowing upon their sails, which are like large sheets fastened to an upright pole called a mast, and stretched by ropes and other poles called spars. He has made more than one little toy ship himself, with masts and sails all complete.

When the tide is low and the water calm he goes to a place where it is shallow, and has great fun sailing his little boat. He does it as much for the delight of the two young ones as for his own, for James is a kind boy, and takes pleasure in amusing his little brothers.

When the wind fills the sails of the tiny vessel and carries it swiftly over the water, the children clap their hands with glee. They think brother James must be one of the smartest persons on earth to be able to perform such wonders.



The Butcher.

A FOWL to roast for the Sunday dinner?
There's one, madam, large and fat;
Upon my word 'twould not be easy
To find a better bird than that!

'Twill roast most juicy, sweet, and tender,
That I'll fully guarantee;
And I think you've found me quite reliable,
Since you, dear madam, have dealt with me.



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THE BUTCHER AND POULTERER



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THE OPTICIAN

The Optician.

NOW, there's a handsome pair of glasses,
In every way first rate, I'm sure;
The lenses are the best of pebbles,
The rims and bow are gold quite pure.

With them, I have no doubt, you'll manage
The finest print to read with ease;
And they are most becoming, madam,
A point that's surely bound to please.

The Farmer Boy.

FRANK was brought up on a farm. He learned to take care of the horses and cows, and when quite young became a great help to his father. He is a tall lad for his age, and can do almost as much of some kinds of work as a man.

When spring comes, busy times begin on the farm. First the ploughing has to be done, and then the seed is sown. In a few weeks the seed begins to sprout and the earth changes from brown to light green. As the warm days of summer come, the green changes to gold, and soon the ears are ripe and hang heavy on the stalk. Then is the time for harvest, and the grain is all cut down. Oh, those are busy days!



Frank helps with all this work, although he does not work all the time, but has plenty of leisure for the various sports that country boys are fond of. He goes squirrel-hunting in the woods, and fishes in the brook, but he says that he really thinks that to rake and toss the hay in hay-making time is just about as good fun as anything.

The Little Cook.

HELEN loves to cook, and is glad when baking-day comes round. She has not yet learned how to make bread, but she can make pies, and cakes, and tarts as well as any one.

One day she thought she would like to get the dinner, so her mother said she might. She put the meat in the oven, and the potatoes on to boil, and then thought she would make a roly-poly pudding for dessert.

While she was in the midst of her work, some of her playmates knocked at the kitchen door, and Helen went out to chat with them. She forgot all about her cooking, and did not hear the big clock in the hall strike the hour of noon.

All at once it flashed across her mind that she had dinner to get. There was a strong smell of something burning in the house! What could it be? Helen soon found out. The meat was burned to a crisp!

Helen sat down and had a good cry. Her mother felt sorry for the little girl, and did not scold her. All she said was "Pretty good care makes pretty good luck."



The Shoemaker.

"**M**R. Goodfit, won't you mend, please,
Those shoes for Flossie right away?
She has no other pair, poor darling,
And so she can't go out to play."

"To mend them's quite a job, dear madam,
But your request I can't refuse;
I see that like most other youngsters
Your Flossie's rather hard on shoes,"



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THE SHOEMAKER

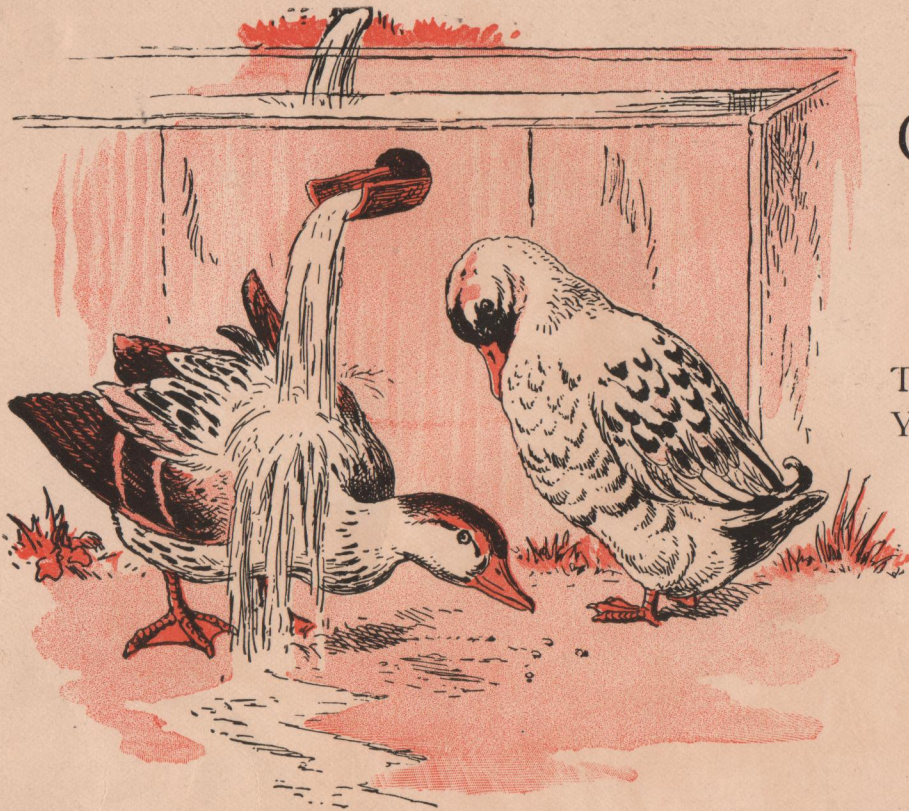


JACK AND JILL.

THE SHOWER-BATH.

OH! here is a lovely show'r bath,
A really most beautiful show'r bath :
The horses may drink it;
I certainly think it
Was sent to be, meant to be, our bath.

That we're ducks we ought to be grateful ;
Yes indeed, most happy and grateful !
One might be a hen,
And never bathe then —
Why, even to think of it's hateful !



DON'T MAKE THAT NOISE.

PRAY, Mr. Cock, I beg of you
To stop that Cock-a-doodle-do ;
It's not the time to come and crow
When chickens are in bed, you know.

You must be mad, upon my
word,
I think such conduct's quite
absurd ;
But doodle-do or doodle-don't,
I cannot stand it, and I won't !

There now, you see they're
all awake
Pray stop that noise, for pity's
sake !
But if you think your voic
so sweet,
Please try it in some other
street.





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THE North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?

He will hop to a barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

I LIKE little Pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do
me no harm;
So I'll not pull
her tail, nor drive
her away,
But Pussy and I
very gently
will
play.

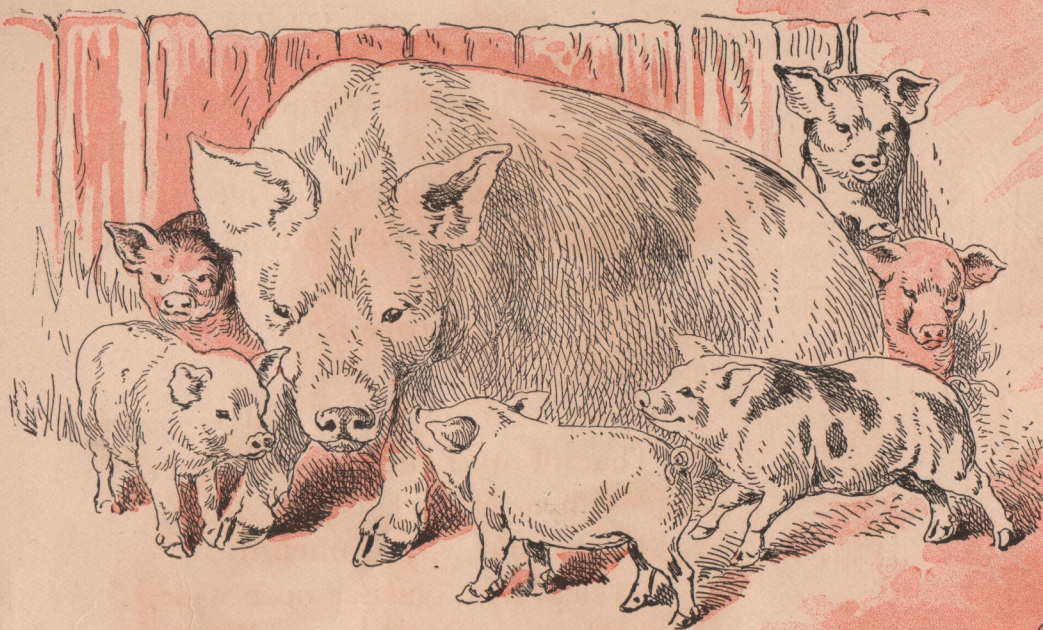


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BOW-wow-wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow!

A HAPPY FAMILY.

HERE we are, having
our pictures took
To put in this beautiful
picture book
And we're sure you'll say,
when us you see,
"What a highly respectable
family."



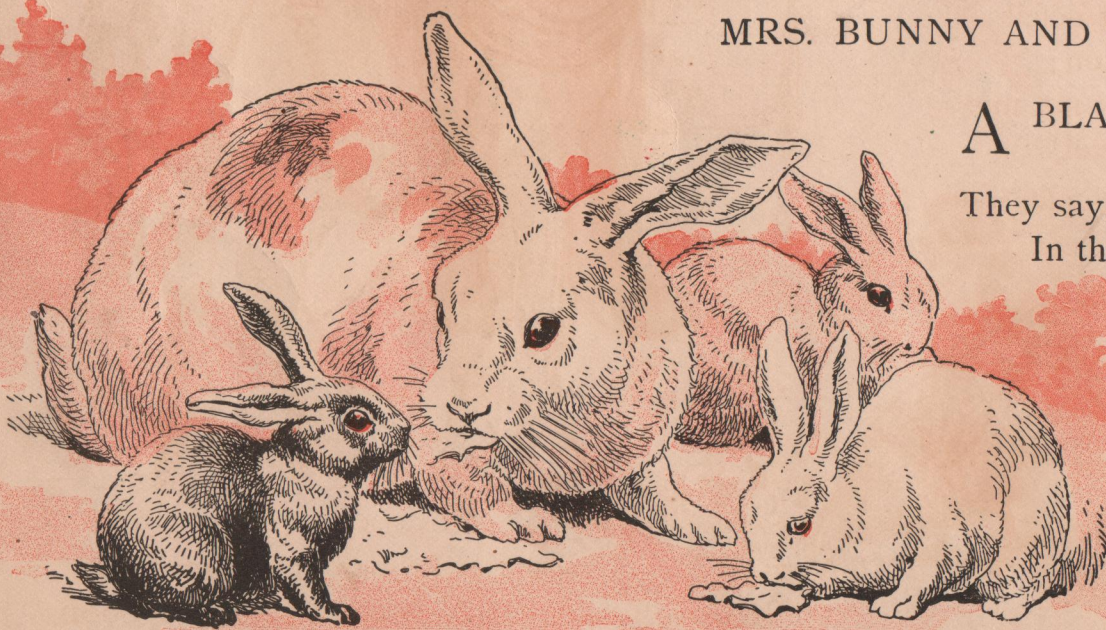
DISAPPOINTED PIGGY.

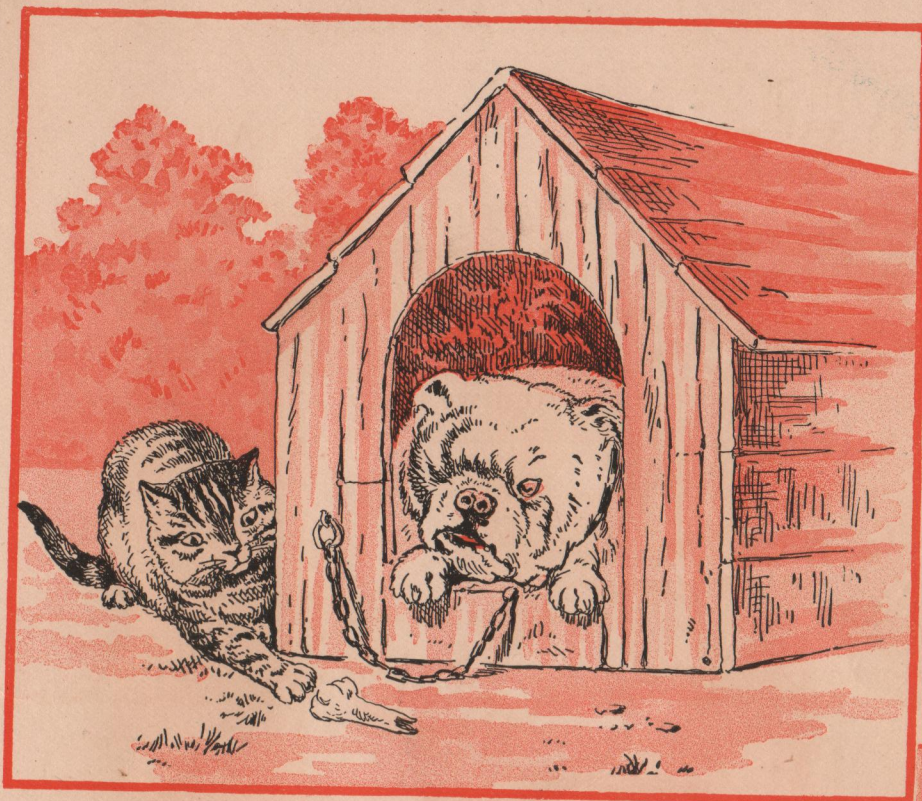
THIS Piggy one day saw a bucket set out,
And ran to peep in with the end of his snout,
Thinking that something to eat he would spy:
But his hopes of a feast proved totally vain,
For nothing at all did the bucket contain,
So Piggy went back very sad to his sty.



MRS. BUNNY AND THE YOUNG BUNNIES.

A BLACK SHEEP there is bound
to be,
They say, in every family;
In this one you will see, alack,
It is a Rabbit
that is black,
All the others
are brown or white,
And he's the naughtiest
of them quite.





JACK'S YARN.

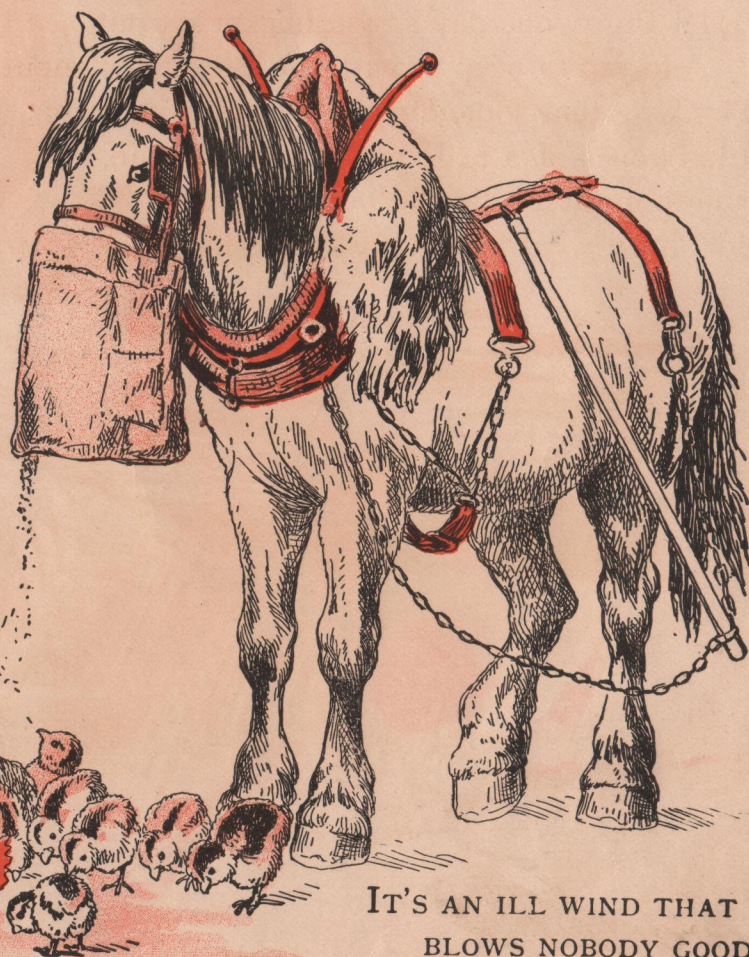
I'VE sadly come to this belief,
That every cat is born a thief,
And thieves his whole life through.
Although they look so mild and meek,
A cat's idea of honor's weak,
And I can prove it too.

I used to think it very queer,
That all my bones should disappear,
Whene'er I went to sleep.
To find out why, I often tried,
So slept with one eye open wide,
A sort of watch to keep,

Now, near my kennel was a bone,
(With not much on it—that I own—
I'd had it all the day)
When with my open eye I saw,
Distinct and clear, a feline paw,
Which pulled that bone away.

What happened then I will not tell,
O'er what that thieving cat befell
We'd better draw a curtain;
But since that day we have not met—
I don't believe he's better yet,
He'll steal no more—that's certain.

But what I want to say, is that
No honest folks should keep a cat,
They really are such thieves.
That it is better, don't you see,
To keep an honest dog like me,
Yours truly, "Jack," believes.



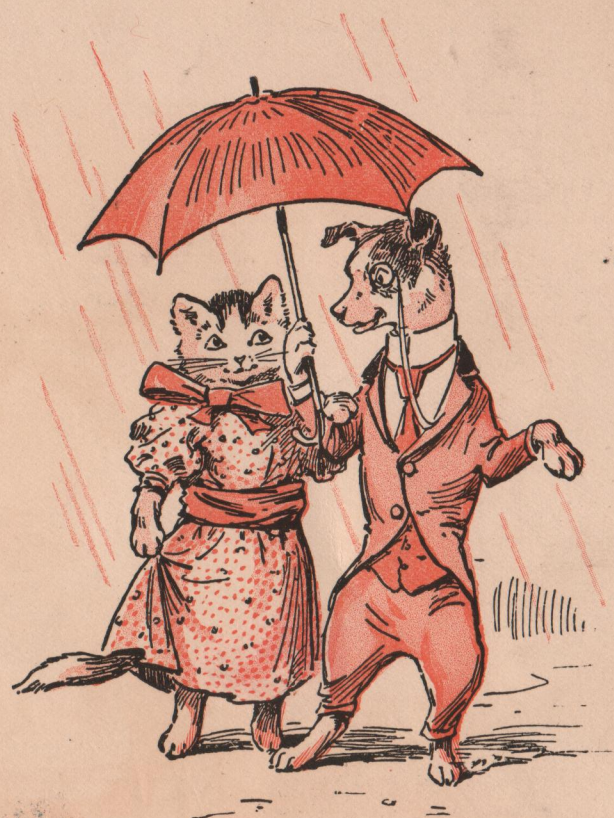
IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT
BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.



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New York

THREE BLIND MICE.

THREE blind mice, see how they run;
 They all run after the farmer's wife,
 Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife—
 Did you ever see such fools in your life?
 Three blind mice.



PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you been?
 I've been to London to see the queen.
 Pussy-cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
 I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

A DOG and a cat went out together,
 To see some friends just out of town;
 Said the cat to the dog, "What d'ye think of the
 weather?"

"I think, ma'am, the rain will come down;
 But don't be alarmed, for I've an umbrella
 That will shelter us both," said this amiable fellow.

DICKERY, dickery, dare,
 The pig flew up in the air,
 The man in brown
 Soon brought him down,
 Dickery dickery, dare"

LITTLE TEE WEE,
 He went to sea
 In an open boat;
 And while afloat
 The little boat bended—
 My story's ended.

SEE-SAW, Jack-a-daw,
 Johnny shall have a new
 master;
 And he shall have but a
 penny a day,
 Because he can't work any
 faster.





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NEW YORK.

JOHNNY AND MIS MOBBY-MORSE.



THE PASTRY COOKS

The Little Pastry Cooks.

FIRST we mix the flour and shortening,
Second we roll the paste out thin,
Next step's to line with it the dishes,
And then we put the apples in.

The covers on, the baking follows,
And when that's finished by-and-by,
We feel quite sure 'twill be acknowledged
That we know how to make good pie.

What Robbie Did.

ONE bright morning Robbie Dale sat quietly on the door-step. He was planning how to help his mother, who was poor, and needed money very much. Suddenly a bright idea came to him. His plan was to have a small stand at the fair which was to be opened the next week. He thought he could sell lemonade and candy. Perhaps, too, sister Alice would make some of her nice doughnuts and sandwiches.

He easily got leave to have a stand in the fair grounds, for everybody liked Robbie. On the day of the fair he was at the grounds early, and arranged his stand carefully. His lemonade must have been good, for his little stand was soon quite surrounded.

He was kept very busy and before night every thing was sold. Robbie counted his money and found he had made ten dollars. With a joyful heart he hurried home.

"Will this help you, mama?" he cried, passing her the money.

"Yes, very much," answered his mother; "but it helps me a great deal more to know that I have such a good, thoughtful little son." She clasped the boy to her heart, kissing him tenderly, and Robbie was quite contented.



Carl, The Little Gardener.

I DON'T know any boy as fond of a garden as Carl is. He loves to dig, and hoe, and weed, and water, and is as proud of a nice plot of grass as he is of a bright bed of flowers.

Carl is a neat boy. He does not throw his tools down and leave them for the rain to rust and ruin; nor does he litter up the path with dead leaves and dry stalks. No indeed. He is careful to keep things neat and tidy, and is as busy as a bee from morn till night. You can hear his wheelbarrow crunch—crunch—crunch over the gravel walk, as he goes back and forth through the garden.

It is strange how much Carl knows about plants. How does he learn? Who taught him? He read about some of them in books, and he learned about the others by watching them closely, and asking questions of those who knew more than he did.

Carl knows how and when to trim the bushes, and what to put into the soil to make it richer. He knows which are the choicest varieties of each kind of plant, and the sort of treatment that each needs in order to thrive best. Every day he is growing wiser and wiser, and more of a help to his father and mother. He always has plenty of blossoms to give away, and takes great delight in sending bright bunches of roses, or other sweet smelling flowers, to the sick and poor around him.

People come from far and near to admire Carl's garden, and the praise he receives for doing well makes him anxious to do better.



CARL PUTTING UP A STICK TO SUPPORT A VINE.

